

A Fawcett Publication

AUG. NO. 75

Monte Hale

WESTERN


10¢

BULLET-BLAZING ADVENTURE
WITH MONTE HALE IN

**THE MAN
WHO CRIED
MURDER!**

PLUS GABBY HAYES





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Please enter my attached drawing in your August drawing contest. (PLEASE PRINT)

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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President

MONTE HALE

and the SEA of FLAME

OLD PETER JEMSON BELIEVED THAT SINNERS WOULD PERISH IN THE FLAMES OF PERDITION! MOST FOLKS LAUGHED AT HIM! THEY THOUGHT HE WAS A HARMLESS CRACKPOT WHOSE DIRE WARNINGS WERE NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY! BUT THAT WAS BEFORE MONTE HALE, THE GIANT COWBOY, LEARNED THE AMAZING REALITY OF THE SEA OF FLAME!

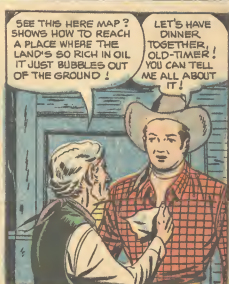
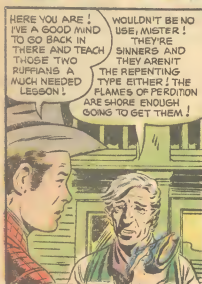
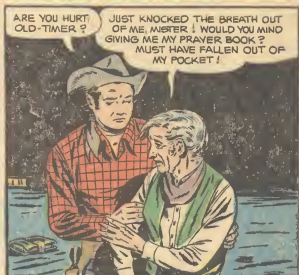
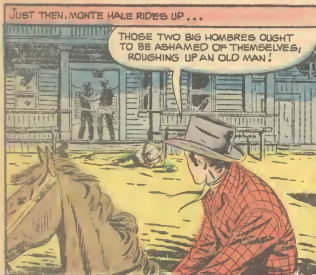
ONE DAY, IN THE GAMBLING HALL OF LAS DULCES...

BWARE! BWARE, SINNERS, LEST THE HOUR OF JUDGMENT BE AT HAND!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?

VERILY, YOU SHALL BE SWEEPED FROM THE EARTH IN A SEA OF FLAMES! REPENT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

I RECKON WE BETTER TOSS THE OLD SIDEWINDER OUT OF HERE, EH, MIKE?



MONTE HALE'S CONVERSATION WITH OLD PETER JEMSON HAD BEEN OVERHEARD:

THE OLD GEEZER SAID THAR WAS OIL SOMEWHERE IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY!

THAR'S ALWAYS BEEN INDIAN TALK ABOUT IT! BUT I NEVER PUT NO FAITH IN WHAT THEY SAID! THE OLD-TIMER SAID HE HAD A MAP, THOUGH!



MAYBE IT'S WORTH INVESTIGATING, MIKE, IF HE REALLY HAS GOT A MAP THAT SHOWS WHERE TO LOCATE OIL!

IF HE DOES, HE WON'T HAVE IT LONG!



MEANWHILE.... POOR FELLOW, HE'S EATING LIKE A STARVED WOLF! I OPINE HE HASN'T HAD A SQUARE MEAL IN A LONG TIME!



THAT WAS RIGHT GOOD EATING, MISTER HALE! YOU'RE MIGHTY KIND TO PUT ON THE FEED BAG FOR ME!

ARE YOU RIDING OUT TONIGHT TO LOOK FOR YOUR OIL FIELD, JEMSON?



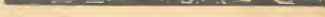
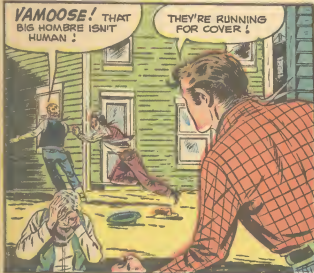
I FIGGER I WILL, MISTER HALE! YOU SEE, I SPEND A LOT OF TIME IN EACH TOWN TRYING TO SAVE A FEW POOR SINNERS, SO I'VE GOT TO TRAVEL BY NIGHT TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME!

YOU REALLY BELIEVE IN YOUR WARNINGS, DON'T YOU?



I SHORE DO! THE POOR CRITTERS WHO WON'T REPENT THEIR SINNING ARE GOING TO SUFFER THE FLAMES OF PERDITION! YES, SIRREE! A REGULAR SEA OF FLAME IS GOING TO ---





NOT LONG AFTER PETER JEMSON LEAVES TOWN...

HIS TRAIL WON'T
BE HARD
TO FOLLOW!

HE'S RIDING ALONE! I
RECKON WE CAN JUMP
HIM ANY TIME WE
WANT TO!



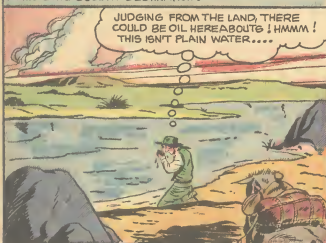
WE'LL LET THE OLD
GEEZER FIND HIS OIL FIRST
AND THEN TAKE IT AWAY
FROM HIM! THAT IS,
PROVIDING THAR REALLY
IS OIL WHAR HE SAYS!

WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO
LOSE! COULDN'T
STAY IN LAS DULCES,
ANYHOW! THAT BIG
HOMBRE IS LIKELY SWEAR-
ING OUT A WARRANT FOR
US THIS VERY MINUTE!

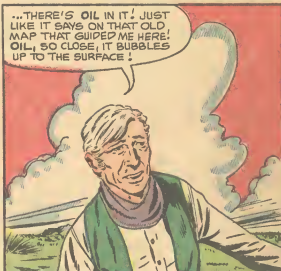


MEANWHILE, OLD PETER JEMSON FINALLY ARRIVES
AT HIS LONG SOUGHT DESTINATION!

JUDGING FROM THE LAND, THERE
COULD BE OIL HEREABOUTS! HMMM!
THIS ISN'T PLAIN WATER....



...THERE'S OIL IN IT! JUST
LIKE IT SAYS ON THAT OLD
MAP THAT GUIDED ME HERE!
OIL, SO CLOSE, IT BUBBLES
UP TO THE SURFACE!



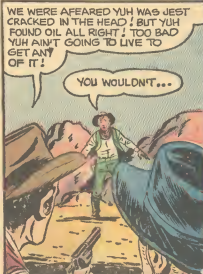
I'VE MADE MY STRIKE
AND I'M RICH! I'LL HEAD
BACK TO THE LAND OFFICE
AND FILE MY CLAIM TO
THIS HERE PROPERTY!

WE'VE GOT TO
HAND IT TO
YUH, OLD-
TIMER! YUH
SHORE WERE
RIGHT!



WE WERE AFEARED YUH WAS JEST
CRACKED IN THE HEAD! BUT YUH
FOUND OIL ALL RIGHT! TOO BAD
YUH AIN'T GOING TO LIVE TO
GET ANY
OF IT!

YOU WOULDN'T...

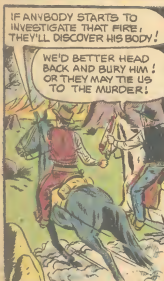
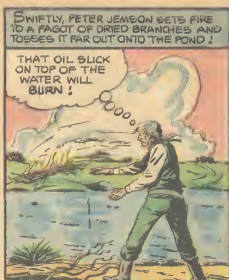
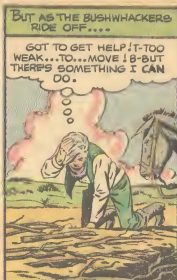


WOULDN'T
WE?

HAW-
HAW!

BANG!
BANG!





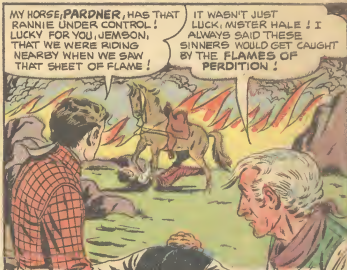
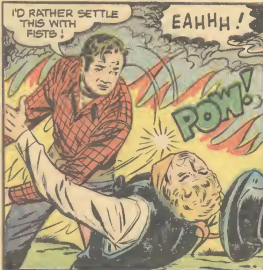
JUST AS THE RUTHLESS HANDS
SQUEEZE THE DEATH TRIGGERS...



IT'S THE BIG HOMBRE!
HE SHOT THE GUNS
OUT OF OUR
HANDS!



LET'S NOT BOTHER
WITH SMOKEFOLES!



BRONKO BETSY

"WAS OUT"

SOMEONE'S AT THE
DOOR! GO SEE WHO
IT IS, BETSY!

OKAY, MAW!!

**KNOCK
KNOCK**

WAIT A SECOND,
BETSY! IF IT'S
THAT PESTY
MRS. COLWELL,
TELL HER THAT
I'M OUT!

ALL RIGHT!

HELLO,
BETSY!

HELLO, MRS.
COLWELL! ER,
MAW'S OUT!

OH, THAT'S TOO
BAD! I JUST
CAME OVER TO
BORROW SOME
SUGAR!

OH!

MAW! DID YUH MEAN
THAT YUH WERE OUT OF
SUGAR, OR OUT OF THE
HOUSE?

GASP!!!

GULP!!!



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WESLEY CUTS THE HERD



WESLEY sat on his horse and awaited the approach of the dust cloud that hung like a distant haze upon the cattle trail. By the size of the cloud he knew that it was created by a large herd. In this hot, dry country he did not envy the trail riders their task of keeping the cattle together and on the move. Well, it was every man to his own job—and Wesley's job was neither easy nor earning of appreciation. He patted his breast pocket, to be sure that the papers were there. Then he hitched his belt and glanced down to see that his guns hung loose and ready. He had a feeling that this outfit would be hard to handle.

The moving cloud had come close enough now so that the trotting cattle were dimly visible through the haze that their hoofs were churning up out of the powdery earth. With low-hanging heads and wide-spreading horns, they poured steadily across the mesa, in a living, tumultuous ribbon. Wesley judged that there must be well over a thousand head of cattle in the herd.

The man riding the left point, who was apparently the straw boss, kned his pony up to Wesley. His dust-caked face showed the strain of nursing the cattle over the long trail. Under the grime he had a stubble of black beard. His nose was wide and flattened, and the eyes which regarded Wesley with unconcealed hostility were small and red-rimmed.

"Howdy," Wesley said pleasantly. "Things going all right?"

The rider pulled a small sack of tobacco from his shirt pocket, and with a practised hand rolled a cigarette. "Any concern of yours?" he asked, peering over cupped hands while he lit up.

"Sure," Wesley replied. "I'm the trail cutter."

"That's a crying shame!" the rider replied with mock sympathy, as he turned his mount away.

"Hold on!" Wesley called. "I aim to cut your herd—Lipian."

The man twisted in the saddle to face him. "I haven't forgotten you either," he said. "You're the smart boy who tried to have us stopped last year. But we went through."

"I was trying to help the cutter then," Wesley said. "This year I'm the trail cutter! And this year the job will be done!"

"You won't touch my herd!" Lipian gritted.

"I'm behind schedule now, and we're going right on through!"

"I'm sorry if you're late," Wesley said placatingly. "I know how cantankerous these critters can be. But it's my job to cut out any strays that might have joined your herd in this state."

"Here are my papers," he added, holding them out for the rider's inspection. "These are the brands I'm looking for. Cattle with these brands don't belong in your herd."

Lipian flicked his eyes over the row of cattle brands, and at the state seal at the bottom of the document. "It's right pretty," he commented, "but as I told you, I'm not interested!"

Wesley returned the papers to his pocket. Tension seemed to crackle between the two men. "You must have a reason for resisting a lawful inspection of your cattle," Wesley said coldly.

"My reason is that you fellows are a nuisance," the rider blustered. "Even if your papers are genuine, your authority covers only this state. As soon as we cross the San Juan we'll be out of your reach."

Two flank riders had come up in the meantime, halting on each side of the trail cutter. They seemed even more disreputable than their leader. Their horses showed little sign of having been cared for. Wesley noted out of the corner of his eye that each of the new mounts bore a different brand. This was a ragtail outfit that certainly needed inspection. He tried to ignore the way in which the men had boxed him in.

"You're right about the state line," he said. "But there'll be plenty of time to cut your herd. It will be dark in about two hours, and you should be bedding down for the night. In the morning, about two hours' drive should bring you to the badlands. Then, with luck, another hour should see you through to the San Juan River."

The trail boss sneered. "You've got it all figured out, huh? And where did you aim to cut the herd?"

"There's a natural spot for it, about the middle of the badland strip," Wesley said. "The trail goes through a long gulley, where the cattle can't move more than two abreast. I can check them as they come out, and separate those that don't belong in your herd."

"If you think you're cutting any cattle out of my herd, you're crazy," Lipian said. He waved to his men to precede him.

The young trail cutter dropped his hand to the butt of his forty-five.

The straw boss stiffened. "I wouldn't pull that, Sonny," he said tensely. "I don't care who you think you are—you can't buck a whole trail outfit."

"I have a job to do," Wesley replied grimly. "I intend to cut your herd, even if I have to ride back to town to get a sheriff and a couple of deputies."

"Sure, pardner, you do just that," the rider said. He burst into a loud guffaw and loped his horse after his outfit.

Wesley reflectively rubbed his chin. The man had something up his sleeve. It would take Wesley about three hours to get back to town, and that long, plus another hour or two of hard riding, to get to the cutting out spot in the badlands. These cow waddies, tough as they seemed, would never resist three or four armed lawmen. Suddenly, Wesley knew what they intended doing. They meant to push the herd all night! By so doing, they would be across the state line before Wesley could return with enough force to back up his authority.

Wesley had to go through with what he had started. He would have to make his play alone! He pointed his horse away from the trail and made a wide circle around the moving herd. Night fell as he rode, but he knew the country well and was able to maintain a steady pace over the rolling range. When he had put the cattle outfit well behind him, he returned to the trail and continued on his way.

The rising moon cast weird shadows across the rugged badlands. Wesley pushed along the trail until he came to the gulley where he intended to face the cattle outfit. He hobbled his horse and settled down to wait, rolling and smoking one cigarette after another. The joke would be on him, he realized, if they had bedded down for the night, for then he would have thrown away the chance to ride for help. But they did come, before another hour had passed. The stillness of the night was broken by the bawling of nervous cattle, expressing their resentment at being pushed through the night without rest. The point rider loomed in the moonlight.

Wesley rose to greet him, blocking the en-

trance to the canyon. It was Lipian.

"I didn't think you would be fool enough to try it," the man said.

"I'm doing my job," Wesley replied. "You're not driving one head of cattle through this canyon tonight. Pull them off the trail and bed them down, and I'll inspect them in the morning."

The herd had meanwhile drawn nearer, and began to bunch together, as the lead cattle hesitated to approach the figures that blocked their way. A man on foot was an especially threatening phenomenon, and the trigger-nerved steers tossed their heads in near panic.

A second rider came up. "What's holding us up?" he asked fretfully. "The critters are ready to spook. If they break here, we'll never be able to hold them!"

"Get on your horse and get out of the way, trail cutter," Lipian ordered.

"And if I refuse to move?" Wesley asked. He was stalling for time, trying to bluff the man, desperately seeking some inspiration.

"If you won't move, you'll stay here, lyin' flat," Lipian cried. He swung his horse around, pulled his gun, and leaned over in an attempt to club Wesley with the butt.

Wesley leaped back against the rock wall. He knew Lipian would not dare to shoot, for a shot would stampede his cattle. It was then Wesley had his inspiration! He drew his gun in a flash. His first bullet struck Lipian's hand, disarming him. The next five bullets were discharged into the air, each shot booming through the canyon like a thunder clap. The noise was swallowed up in the panic-stricken bellows of the stampeding herd.

SEVERAL other riders who had come up to support their leader wheeled their ponies in consternation, to see the heaving mass of cattle breaking from the trail and pouring into the sage brush and gullies of the badlands.

Wesley leisurely mounted his horse, while Lipian cursed him in impotent fury. "You stampeded my cattle!" he stormed.

Wesley smiled coldly. "I'm doing my duty," he said. "I'll be back after daybreak with the sheriff and a couple of men. We'll help you round up the herd. But you'll get only *your* heads—understand?"

THE END

MONTE HALE

and THE MAN WHO CRIED **MURDER!**

EVERYONE KNEW RED JONAS AS A WORTHLESS OLD SADDLE TRAMP, A MAN WHOSE WORD NEVER COULD BE BELIEVED!

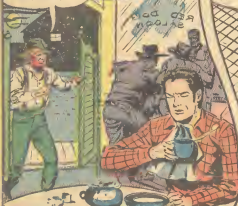
BUT RED JONAS SWORE HE'D SEEN A MURDER COMMITTED! ONLY MONTE HALE, GIANT HERO OF THE WEST, BELIEVED RED WAS TELLING THE TRUTH!

CAN MONTE HALE'S BLAZING GUNS SAVE...
THE MAN
WHO CRIED
MURDER?



IN THE WESTERN TOWN OF BROKEN FORK.....

WHAT A FIGHT! I NEVER SAW THE LIKE OF IT IN ALL MY LIFE!



THAT I WAS, SURROUNDED BY A HUNDRED BLOODTHIRSTY INDIANS! I SHOT THE CHIEF SQUARE BETWIXT HIS EYES! THEN I RODE AWAY, WITH THE WHOLE HOWLING PACK CLOSE AT MY HEELS!

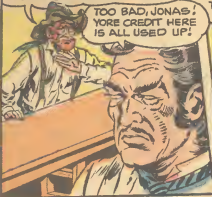


WHAT IS HE TALKING ABOUT?

DON'T PAY HIM ANY MIND, MR. HALE! THAT'S RED JONAS...THE WORST LIAR IN TOWN! HE'S ALWAYS MAKING UP STORIES TO CADGE A DRINK!



IT WAS A HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE!
I...UH...NEED A DRINK BAD,
JUST TO STEADY MY NERVES.



TOO BAD, JONAS!
YORE CREDIT HERE
IS ALL USED UP!

HOW ABOUT HELPING
ME OUT, STRANGER?
I'D BE MIGHTY GRATEFUL
TO YUH FER BUYING
ME A DRINK!



GET YORE
FILTHY
PAW OFF
ME!

YUH LOW-DOWN SADDLE TRAMP! I'M
GOING TO TEACH YUH A GOOD
LESSON!



HE DIDN'T
MEAN ANY
HARM!

SO YO'RE A
FRIEND OF
HIS, EH?



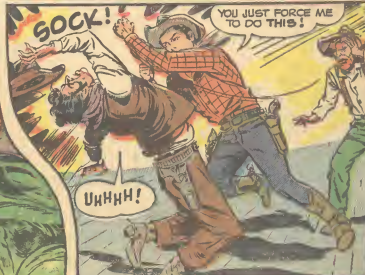
I'LL
GIVE YUH A
FEW WALLOPS
TO....
HEY!

HOLD UP,
MISTER!



NOBODY BUTTS
INTO MY
AFFAIRS!

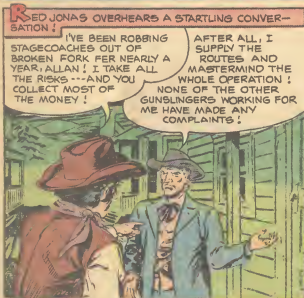
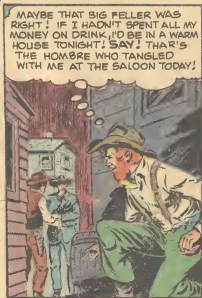
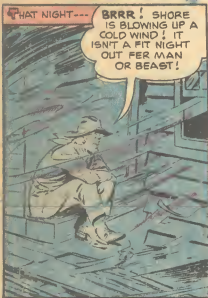
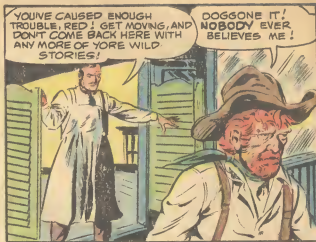
I'M SORRY
YOU TRIED
THAT!

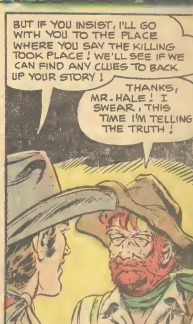
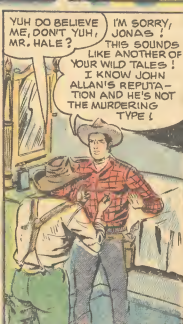
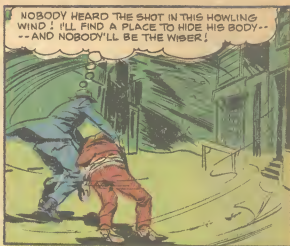


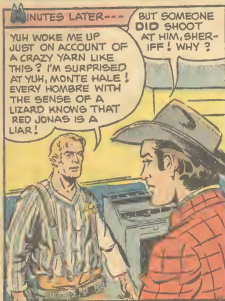
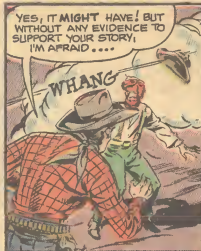
SOCK!

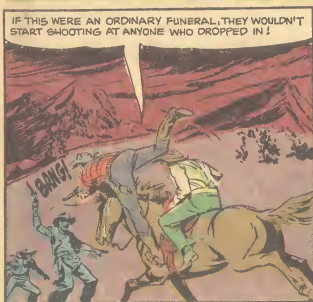
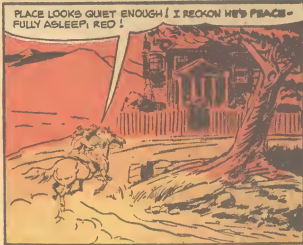
YOU JUST FORCE ME
TO DO THIS!

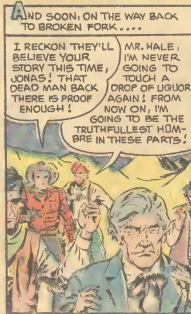
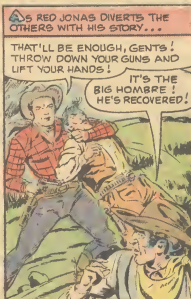
UHHHH!

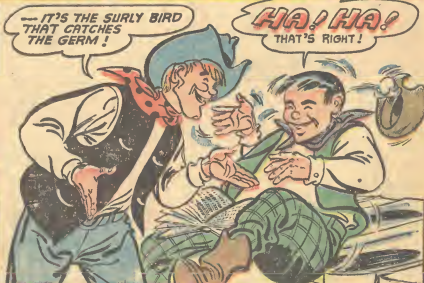


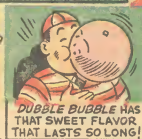




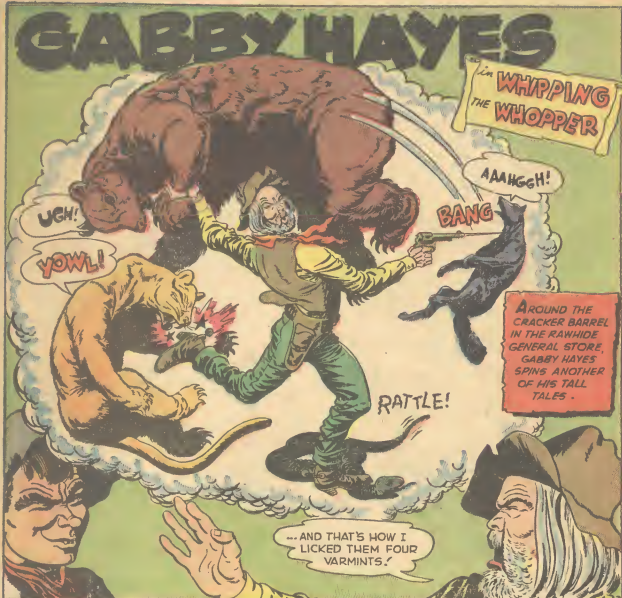








GABBY HAYES



GABBY, WHENEVER YOU SHOOT A JACKRABBIT, YOU CLAIM IT WAS A BULLMOOSE! I BET YOU CAN'T GO FROM NOW TILL SUNDOWN WITHOUT TELLING SOME WHOPPER!

I CAN TOO!



I DARE YOU TO BACK THAT CLAIM! IF YOU GET CAUGHT IN A WHOPPER BETWEEN NOW AND SUNDOWN, YOU GIVE ME CORKER! AGREED?

UH-GULP-AGREED!



A LITTLE LATER, IN SLY'S WORKSHOP...

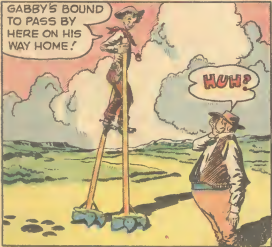
WHAT IN TARNATION IS THAT, SLY?

HEH-HEH! THIS HERE'S A FOOT-PRINT!



GABBY'S BOUND TO PASS BY HERE ON HIS WAY HOME!

HUH?



AFTER HE SPOTS THESE TRACKS HE'LL COME BACK TELLING US HE'S SEEN AN ANIMAL BIGGER THAN AN ELEPHANT! I'LL OWN CORKER BEFORE SUNDOWN!

YOU'RE SHORE SLY, SLY!



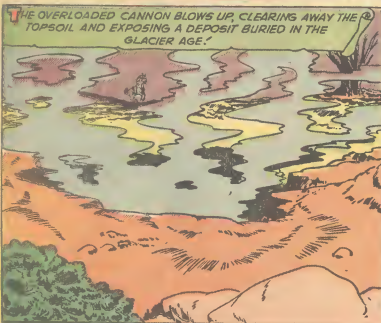
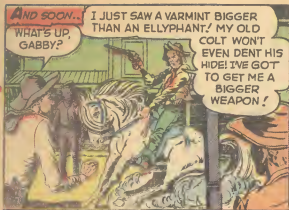
PRESENTLY, AS PLANNED, GABBY SEES THE HUGE TRACKS!

BALLS OF FIRE!



HEAD FOR TOWN, CORKER!





GABBY RETURNS TO TOWN...

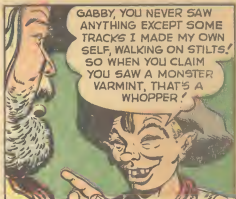
GABBY, WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU LOOK ALL TATTERED.



DID A PRAIRIE DOG TURN ON YOU?

LAUGH IF YUH WANT, BOYS, BUT I JUST SHOT A VARMINT THAT'S BIGGER THAN AN ELLYPHANT.



GABBY, YOU NEVER SAW ANYTHING EXCEPT SOME TRACKS I MADE MY OWN SELF, WALKING ON STILTS, SO WHEN YOU CLAIM YOU SAW A MONSTER VARMINT, THAT'S A WHOPPER!

STILTS, HUH? YOU TRICKED ME! TAKE THIS, YUH LOW-DOWN COYOTE!



UGH!

IT'S STILL A WHOPPER-- AND I GET CORKER!

IF YUH SHOT A MONSTER, WHERE'S THE CARCASS?



COME ON, I'LL SHOW YUH.

LOOK YONDER, THAR'S THE MONSTER I SHOT!

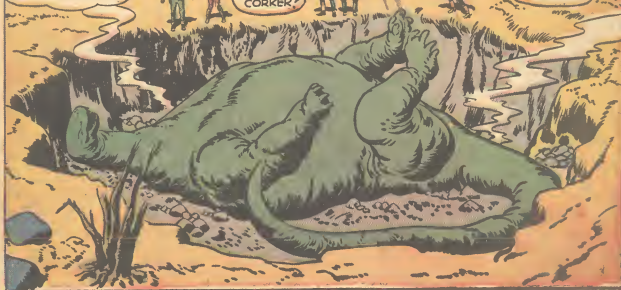


OF COURSE, I DON'T NEED TO MENTION THAT BY THE TIME I SHOT IT, IT HAD BEEN DEAD A MILLION YEARS!

HOLY SMOKE! IT IS A MONSTER!

GABBY IS EVEN SLYER THAN SLY!

GABBY TOLD THE BIGGEST WHOPPER OF ALL... AND IT TURNED OUT TO BE TRUE!



HE KEEPS CORKER!



MONTE HALE

and THE STOLEN SIX-GUN!

STEVE HANSEN WAS DESPERATE -- AND SO HE STOLE A SIX-GUN ! HE USED IT TO BLAST HIS WAY TO SAFETY.

BUT STEVE DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE GUN HE'D TAKEN BELONGED TO THE GIANT COWBOY, MONTE HALE !

THAT'S A MISTAKE THAT STEVE HANSEN WILL NEVER, NEVER MAKE AGAIN !

ONE DAY, AS MONTE HALE ENTERS A DINING ROOM...

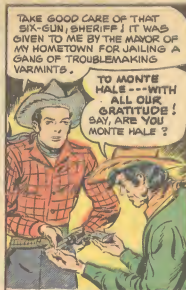
HAND OVER YOUR GUN, HOMBRE!

EXCUSE ME, WHAT DID YOU SAY ?

YOU HEARD ME ! YOU CAN'T GO INTO THAT DINING ROOM WEARING YOUR GUN !

WHO SAYS SO ?

MONTE HALE WESTERN



I'LL BRING YOU
IN OR...UHH!

I COULD'VE KILLED YUH,
SHERIFF! BUT I'LL LET YUH
LIVE---AS A WARNING TO ANY-
BODY ELSE WHO TRIES TO
TANGLE WITH ME!



-- SECOND,
HE STOLE MY
GUN! CAN I
BORROW THIS
SMOKEPOLE
TO GO
AFTER HIM?

YUH SHORE CAN,
MR. HALE! THAT'S
MY SHOOTING IRON,
AND I'D BE PLUMB
HONORED TO HAVE
YUH HANDLE IT!



STEVE HANSEN'S GOT A
GOOD HEAD START! BUT I
RECKON YOU CAN PICK UP
HIS TRAIL, EH, PARDNER?



MOMENTS LATER--

IT WAS **S-STEVE HANSEN!**
HE SHOT ME WITH YOUR
GUN, MONTE!

THAT HOMBRE MADE TWO
BAD MISTAKES! FIRST, HE
SHOT DOWN A LAWMAN--



SOON...

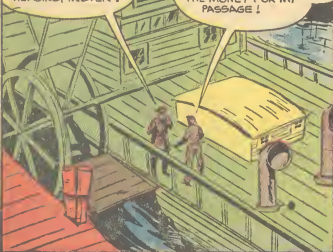
HE'S HEADED EAST,
TOWARD THE RIVER!
MAKE THE WIND MOVE,
PARDNER, OR WE'LL
NEVER SEE STEVE
HANSEN OR MY SIX-
GUN AGAIN!



A SHORT WHILE LATER!--

HOW FAR ARE YOU
HEADING, MISTER?

JUST AS FAR SOUTH AS
YOUR PADDLEBOAT WILL
TAKE ME, CAPTAIN! HERE'S
THE MONEY FOR MY
PASSAGE!



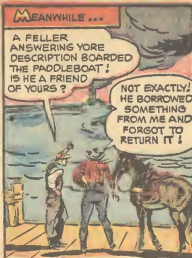
YOU'LL FIND YOUR CABIN
ON **B** DECK! WE'RE
SHOVING OFF IN A FEW
MINUTES!

CAN'T BE TOO
SOON FOR ME!
I'M ANXIOUS TO
SHAKE OFF THE
DUST OF THIS
TERRITORY!





SAY, THIS GUN BELONGS TO MONTE HALE! I'VE TANGLED WITH HIM BEFORE! I RECKON I'LL KEEP IT! IT'S BROUGHT ME LUCK SO FAR!



MEANWHILE ...

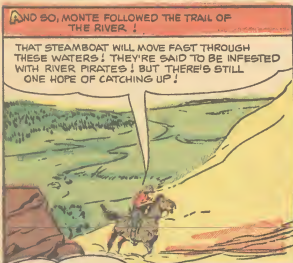
A FELLER ANSWERING YORE DESCRIPTION BOARDED THE PADDLEBOAT! IS HE A FRIEND OF YOURS?

NOT EXACTLY! HE BORROWED SOMETHING FROM ME AND FORGOT TO RETURN IT!



YOU'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN, I RECKON!

I'M NOT GIVING UP SO EASILY!

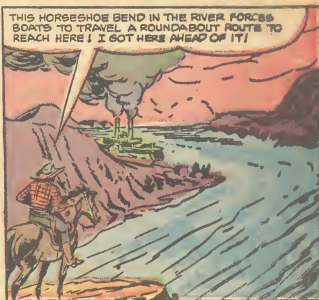


AND SO, MONTE FOLLOWED THE TRAIL OF THE RIVER!

THAT STEAMBOAT WILL MOVE FAST THROUGH THESE WATERS! THEY'RE SAID TO BE INFESTED WITH RIVER PIRATES! BUT THERE'S STILL ONE HOPE OF CATCHING UP!



ONLY ONE TROUBLE! WE MUST BE OVER TWO HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE WATER AND THERE'S NO WAY DOWN!



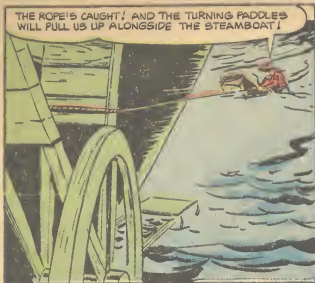
THIS HORSESHOE BEND IN THE RIVER FORCES BOATS TO TRAVEL A ROUNDABOUT ROUTE TO REACH HERE! I GOT HERE AHEAD OF IT!

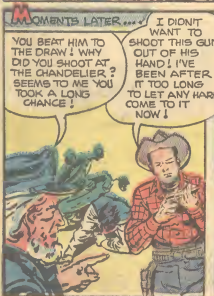


I SHOULD HAVE SAID THERE'S NO WAY DOWN EXCEPT THIS! LET'S GO, FARDNER!

NYEIGHHH!









YOU GET MORE BBs FOR YOUR MONEY, PARDNER, IN DAISY'S GIANT BB POUCH OF BULLS EYE SHOT!

-Red Ryder

BB COUNTING SURVEY Proves Daisy Gives

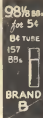
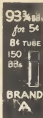
MORE BBs FOR 5¢

Survey Made Feb. 20, 1952

Count 'Em! Compare 'Em! Ask Dad's Help! Yes, the 5 CENT GIANT BB POUCH of Daisy Bulls Eye Shot gives you MORE FOR YOUR MONEY! You get more BBs—more shots—more value—more FUN! Bulls Eye is made right in the big Daisy Factory where ALL DAISY AIR RIFLES are produced. Bulls Eye is expertly made to the correct diameter, roundness and smoothness—to FIT DAISY SHOOTING BARRELS! Poorly-made "out of round," rough or over-size BBs may stick and RUIN your Daisy barrel and air tube. Be



safe and sure—always buy and use Daisy Bulls Eye in the HANDIER Giant BB Pouch! Get the MOST and the BEST BBs for your Daisy! Ask for it BY NAME. Say: "A Giant Pouch of Bulls Eye BBs, Please!"



128 BBs FOR 5¢ in the DAISY GIANT BULLS EYE POUCH



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128 BBs for only 5¢
6¢ WEST COAST HIGHER CANADA

Do NOT order Air Rifles or BBs direct—SEE YOUR DEALER!

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RED RYDER
(Inspired by Stephen Haggard, N.Y.)
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shoot it! This famous Daisy repeater holds nearly 1000 BBs! Looks, feels, handles like a real Western saddle gun. Realistic full-oval molded stock, forearm. Ask dealer for No. 111.

DAISY PUMP GUN

get this 50 shot pump action repeater with "gold-engraved" jacket. Take-down model. The King of All Air Rifles! Ask dealer for No. 25.



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